



ECLIPSE OF A BAD MAN.

His Sway Was Broken When He Met a Man of Nerve.

"It was my fate to know some of the bad men who turned things upside down in southern Texas over a quarter of a century ago," said a United States marshal. "They are about all dead, and no successors can take their place, for our people will never again tolerate such disturbers of the peace. One of the worst of the 'bad men' of that day was the notorious John Wesley Hardin. It was his boast that he had killed twenty-eight men. For a long time he was the terror of Gonzales county and of all the surrounding country. He was an incorrigible cattle and horse thief and a murderer who killed without remorse.

"Finally a day of reckoning came, and he was caught and sentenced to a twenty-five year term in the state penitentiary at Huntsville. He was not a model prisoner and had to be whipped a time or two, but at length he emerged from prison and went back to the scene of his former crimes. A hot local political fight, involving the election of a sheriff of Gonzales county, was on, and Hardin took an active part in the contest. He was still regarded as dangerous and greatly dreaded. One day he and the candidate against whom he was working met, and a quarrel ensued. This candidate, Jones by name, was as fearless a man as ever lived, and the way he denounced Hardin was something to remember.

"You have," said he, "according to your own boasts, killed twenty-eight men. I am here to say that never a one of the lot did you slay when he had his face toward you. Every man of them was shot in the back. You are a great big coward as well as a murderer, and I will give you \$1,000 if you will dare to contradict what I have said. I can make any sixteen-year-old boy in town whip you."

"Hardin didn't open his mouth, but slunk away, followed by a storm of jeers. He left the county and was shortly afterward killed in El Paso."—Washington Post.

Remember the Baker.

At the court of assizes in Venice when sentence of death is about to be passed a man clothed in a long black robe enters the court and, advancing to the bench, bows profoundly to the judges, saying, "Remember the baker." Then he bows again and retires. Here is the explanation of the custom: Three centuries ago a baker was executed at Venice for a crime of which he was not guilty. When his innocence was fully proved, the judges who condemned him invested a sum of money, the interest on which serves to keep a light perpetually burning in the palace of the doges, this being called the "lamp of expiation." In addition, their fatal mistake has for 300 years been held up as a warning to their successors on the bench when they are about to inflict the extreme penalty of the law.

The Greatest of Prestidigitators.

Robert Houdin was the creator of the latter day methods of modern magic. He was the inventor of many of the most ingenious and novel illusions, including the intricate and puzzling exhibition known as "second sight." He defined himself as "a comedian playing the character of a magician." Late in life he wrote an account of his many adventures, and these "Confidences of a Prestidigitator" are worthy of comparison with all but the very best autobiographies—if not with Cellini's and Franklin's, at least with Gibber's and Goldoni's. Robert Houdin's life of himself, quite as well as any of the others, would justify Longfellow's assertion that "autobiography is what biography ought to be."—Brander Matthews in Scribner's.

She Hanked For Variety.

"Darling," sighed the enamored youth, who had just been accepted, "this is the happiest moment of my life."

The fond girl merely cooed. Slipping his arm about her, he whispered, "Let us have our picture taken in this pose to commemorate this blissful occasion."

"Oh, George," she simpered, "couldn't we have them taken some other way? All my other admirers insisted on the same thing, and I would like to have some variety about the set."—Chicago Tribune.

WAS WASTING AWAY.

The following letter from Robert R. Watts, of Salem, Mo., is instructive: "I have been troubled with kidney disease for the last five years. I lost flesh and never felt well and doctored with leading physicians and tried all remedies suggested without relief. Finally I tried Foley's Kidney Cure and less than two bottles completely cured me and I am now sound and well." Sold by J. A. Obermeyer, druggist.

LITTLE CHERUB

Surely never was there more gallant skipper than Captain William Innes of the rakish freighter British Prince and never harder boatswain than Charles L. Lastadius. The skipper is from Newcastle-on-Tyne and has followed the sea thirty-three years, or since he was sixteen years old. He has a fine brown beard, and the resonant voice that comes through it might be heard above the strongest gale that ever thrummed on the British Prince's rigging. The boatswain is a young Swede, who has suffered shipwreck more than once. But the captain and all the ship's company never thought of him as a foreigner, but as a fellow sailor man with a big heart.

The British Prince when laden has less freeboard than the common freighter from Mediterranean ports. So when she breasts the wintry seas she sometimes buries her fo'castle head in the ferment. She had a rough voyage from Gibraltar, and her coal got so low in the bunkers that Captain Innes decided to put in to St. Michael, in the Azores, for a fresh supply. There he found stancher steamships than his that had lost lifeboats and headgear and had many inches of water in their holds.

The British Prince made good weather of it from the Azores until she was about 460 miles east of Sandy Hook. A gale came howling out of the southwest, combing up seas that, in the picturesque language of the skipper, looked like "granite cliffs." Darkness was just setting in. The cook wanted some fresh water, and, like most cooks, being a landsman and somewhat timid, he asked the boatswain to get it for him. The pump of the fresh water tank is on the main deck under the forecabin head. It was hazardous to attempt to get at it while the seas were boiling as they were, but water must be had, and a sailor man and Boatswain Lastadius determined to get it. The sailor man got a bucket and, running forward, dodged under the fo'castle head. Boatswain Lastadius went out on the flying bridge to take the bucket from the sailor man when the chance offered—that is, when there was little probability of a sea coming immediately aboard forward.

The flying bridge is a board walk with a rope railing run between two inch iron stanchions, connecting the fo'castle head with the forward part of the hurricane deck. The main deck is seven feet below. The boatswain intended to reach down, grab the bucket and run aft along the flying bridge to the hurricane deck, leaving the sailor man under the shelter of the fo'castle head to take another chance between seas.

"I had just got ready," said the boatswain, "to take the bucket when the ship gave a plunge. I looked up, and there over the port bow I saw such a sea as I hope I may never see again. I knew it was coming aboard, and I knew I had no chance to get out of its way. If I ran aft, I thought, it would pick me up before I got off the bridge and carry me away. So I thought the best thing to do was to make fast to a stanchion of the flying bridge. So I wound my arms and legs around it, hugged as hard as I knew how and lowered my head to take the sea.

"Everything seemed to give way when the sea hit me. I might just as well have caught hold of a rope yarn as that stanchion. I thought it was all up with me and the British Prince until I found myself on the crest of a wave striking out for the ship, which was riding as if she had shipped only a bucketful. I struck the water maybe five fathoms off the starboard bow. I saw the form of the second officer, Thomas Jones, on the bridge as I swept along the ship's side. He grabbed a life buoy from the rack, and I saw it come sailing toward me. It was a good shot, or I might not be telling about it now. The buoy almost ringed my head. I grabbed it and forced it over my shoulders and under my arms.

"As I was swept aft along the starboard side of the ship I saw Captain Innes running forward. He saw me, too, for he shouted: 'Keep up a stout heart! We'll save you if we can!' But it was getting very dark, and I was three ship's lengths astern before anything could be done aboard the ship. My heart sank, and I gave myself up for lost. I had been striking out for the ship, but when I saw her going ahead I stopped all effort to save myself. But it takes a long time to stop and reverse engines, and pretty soon I saw the ship backing toward me.

"That made my heart bound, and I yelled with all my might and

tried to make some headway against the seas, which sometimes turned me over and over. I was afraid that the ship would back against me and that I would be sucked under by her propeller and drowned or killed by the blades. I saw the propeller whirling in the air whenever the ship went down into the trough of the sea. I shouted, 'Don't back on top of me!' as I thought they could not see me in the darkness.

"The ship drew nearer and nearer, the captain keeping me on the starboard hand. All the men had gathered at the starboard rail, and as the ship passed me they hove lines and buoys to me and shouted to me to keep up heart. I was once within half a fathom of the starboard rail when a sea swept me forward and clear around the bow on the port side. I was away astern in the darkness before the ship could be stopped, and I almost lost hope again. But I kept singing out and could hear the voice of the captain and the cheers of the men coming down on the wind.

"The captain couldn't see me, but he took my bearings from the sound of my voice by a star, and coming around, he steamed down toward me and, going around me, came up on my starboard. I was full of salt water and so played out and cold that I hadn't much strength left when I saw all the men gathered along the port rail waiting to save me. The mate threw a life buoy and a line, and I caught it and put it on. I caught another line, too, fearing the first one might be carried away, and that's all I remember clearly until I heard all the men cheering. Up to then I thought I was still in the sea."

The captain was in his cabin taking his tea, as he puts it, when a man rushed to the top of the companion way and shouted, "Man overboard, sir!" The captain had just poised a piece of meat on his fork and was about to put it in his mouth. Some skippers might have serenely finished the meal. But Captain Innes got up the companion way and on deck as if his own son were the man who was overboard. He dimly saw the boatswain sweeping astern. As he passed the engine room on his way to the bridge he shouted to the engineer, "Stand by to stop those engines!"

Then he flew to the bridge and laid his right hand on the "telegraph."

"Stop and reverse" was flashed to the engine room, and the captain's voice rang out, "All hands to starboard with lines and buoys!" All hands were there even before the summons came.

"Our only hope in saving him lay in picking him up with the ship," said the captain, "for no boat could live in the sea that was running. I have seldom seen anything like it. The gale was so high that it combed down the crests, and all the water we shipped was solid green. When I backed the ship down to the bo's'n, I saw him struggling bravely in the seas. He had the life buoy that the second officer threw to him under his arms, and his body was well out of water. I determined to save him if he could hold out until I could fetch him alongside. We missed him the first time, and he was carried forward around the bow to the port side. He kept up a lusty shouting, and we answered back.

"We were going ahead a bit, when he was whirled around to starboard, and as the night had well set in and I could not see half a ship's length away, we soon lost him. But I turned on the bridge and got the bearing of his voice by a star, and I kept that star in sight when I put the helm hard a-starboard and bore down in the direction of the star. We had lost his voice altogether, but as we steamed toward the star we heard it faintly over the rush of the wind and the swash of the seas. We caught sight of him too late to pick him up as we steamed past, so we came up with the wind again, with the bo's'n on our port hand.

"We steamed slowly, so the men ranged along the port rail, each with a line or a buoy, had a chance at him. I knew by the cheer that went up that he was saved, and I felt like cheering myself. He was just half an hour in the water, and if he had not been a plucky man he would be there now. The poor fellow didn't know he was safe for a minute or so after he was hauled aboard. He clung to the rail so tightly that the men had to break his grip. He shook with the cold like a leaf. I took him below and gave him three glasses of brandy and some hot coffee. Then the steward rubbed him down with whisky, and he was good for work next morning."

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CONDENSED STORIES.

How the Farmer Scored on the President of the Trust Company.

It is not often that an outsider gets ahead of a Pittsburg man of business, but occasionally they score against each other. The president of one of the largest trust companies a few weeks ago completed the purchase of some valuable coal lands by paying an old farmer who lives near the Smoky City several hundred thousand dollars. He sent for the cashier of his trust company.

"I am paying this man in cash, Mr. —," he said, "and it is a fine chance to secure a big deposit for the trust company. Make him a good interest offer."

The cashier sent for the man and made a strong talk for the deposit. "How much interest are you getting now?" he asked finally.

"I'm getting 3 per cent," said the farmer. "How much will you give?"

"Under the circumstances we will give you 3 1/2 per cent," said the cashier, pushing out a deposit slip.

The farmer filled it out, took out his check book and wrote a check for a half million. The cashier looked at the check in amazement. "Why, it's on our own company!" he exclaimed.

"Of course it is," smiled the farmer. "You've had my money all the time, but it seems that I have not been getting all the interest to which I am entitled. I am glad you sent for me."

Not What She Expected.

Bishop Potter recently met some friends on a western train. The party included a young business man, his wife and little daughter of



"I FOUGHT I WUTH ATHKED TO TEA," five years. The bishop invited them to have some tea in the dining room car.

The little maid glanced with wistful eyes at the dainty cups of steaming amber liquid, which her elders were sipping, then back again at her own cup of milk.

"I fought, bithup," she lisped in an injured tone, "thath I wuth athked to tea."

As to Two Evils.

Theodore Hallam, one of the most celebrated of legal practitioners, once defended a burglar, and the case gave him a story that he never tired of telling. The prosecuting attorney was fighting vigorously and had the defendant's wife on the stand.

"You are the wife of the prisoner?" he asked her.

"Yes," she replied.

"Did you know his mode of life when you married him?"

"I did, sir."

"Will you tell us, then," went on the prosecutor, surprised by this admission, "how you came to contract an alliance with one of his kind?"

"Well," she answered innocently, "I was getting on, the other girls had all been married, and I at last had no choice but between him and a lawyer who was courting me."

Tennyson's Uniform.

Once when Tennyson dined with Sir Arthur Sullivan his wide brimmed felt hat and long, flowing cloak greatly impressed a servant at the composer's house. At the end of the evening, when Tennyson had departed, she gave vent to her feelings after asking whether that was "really the poet" in these words: "Well, he do wear clothes!" "Yes, so do most poets," answered Sullivan, "and then you must remember he is the laureate." The girl thought it over for a few minutes, no doubt cogitating on his official position, before she remarked, with a sigh, "What a uniform!"

At the Lockport glass works at Lockport, N. Y., is a machine which turns out 9,000 pieces of glass an hour. It is the most wonderful machine invented in recent years.

Rowing Outlook.

C. S. Titus and J. B. Juvenal, Bitter Rivals, Meet at Henley.

The rowing sharps will certainly have their appetites glutted during the coming summer. With the intercollegiate and club regattas on the various rivers and lakes and the competition of two leading American scullers in the English Henley on the Thames, and then in addition the American Henley to be held on the Schuylkill river at Philadelphia, the aquatic fends will have no opportunity to complain of a lack of interesting events.

Constance S. Titus, who was defeated for the Diamond sculls last summer at Henley, is now training vigorously for the big transatlantic event which occurs during the first week in July.

The other American contestant will be James B. Juvenal of Philadelphia, a member of the famous Vesper Boat club, which sent a crew to Paris during the great exposition held there several years ago.

Titus is the national champion single sculler, and he and Juvenal are the bitterest of rivals.

The contest between these stars will be very exciting, for if neither succeeds in capturing the coveted prize the one that makes the best showing over his fellow American will naturally have a feeling of satisfaction.

The American Henley project has been agitated for several years, but not until July does it become a reality. The American Rowing association was formed a year ago for the express purpose of making arrangements for a meet open to all amateur oarsmen in the country. The association has been eminently successful, and July 2 the big carnival will open. The leading colleges and aquatic clubs in the United States will be represented, and almost all the prominent individual oarsmen from the various states where aquatics find favor have promised to compete.

The date was fixed so as to make the event come as near as possible to the big college races on the Hudson river at Poughkeepsie and the Thames at New London, Conn. Some of the crews competing in those races may row in the American Henley, but even if they do not the idea will serve to stimulate interest in aquatics among the colleges.

For instance, it was only recently that it was announced that the College Boat club of the University of Penn-



JAMES B. JUVENAL, THE RIVAL OF TITUS.

sylvania would train four crews for the American regatta and that one of these would be formed largely of the men who competed for Penn at Henley.

Of the latter crew seven members are now either in college or connected with the university, so that the plan of again getting together this wonderful collection of oarsmen promises to be successful. Of the number available is John Gardiner, who stroked Penn's varsity in the three victories on the Hudson and at Henley. Gardiner is one of the greatest stroke oars this country ever produced, and the event in which he will set the pace promises to be of absorbing interest and should alone make any regatta successful. All four crews of the College Boat club will be trained by Ellis Ward, the coach of the University of Pennsylvania.

The present plans of the Philadelphia rowing authorities contemplate ten days of the greatest sport any city has ever seen. The first event will be the American regatta, July 2. Then will come the People's regatta, July 4, after which will be held the Schuylkill navy regatta; so that three big rowing events are assured for the Quaker City.



John Splan is quoted as saying that the two minute trotter will be produced when Ozanam, 2:08, is bred to Walnut Hall (4), 2:09 1/4.

Reckless Al is the name of a trotting horse owned in Maine who will be raced this year. He will probably smash a lot of records, break his owner and wreck his driver.

J. S. McDonald, authorized agent for W. K. Vanderbilt in matters connected with racing, has stated that there are in training at Morris park, New York, eleven mares owned by Mr. Vanderbilt, purchased originally for brood mares, some of which may be raced this year. George B. Hill has these horses in his

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Of \$5.00 each to be given to the School Children of America. School Children's Competitive Advertising Contest No. 301.



Old uncle rat would a courting go
Because he loved miss Mouseie so.
Saying lady Mouseie will you marry me?
Yes, but where will our wedding supper be?
Right up here in this hollow tree
But what will our supper be?
Three green-peas & bread & cheese
But as for me I'll take a dish of
Egg-o-See.

This sketch was made by Iva Stewart, age 11, Jefferson school, Jacksonville, Ill.
We give a cash prize of \$5.00 for any drawing of this character which we accept and use. All school children can compete. Full instructions will be found on inside of each package of Egg-o-See, telling what to do to get the prize and how to make the drawings.

The largest and most complete and modern food mill in the world equipped with the most approved sanitary devices, enables us to make the purest and most wholesome flaked wheat food on the market to day. delicious, strengthening and digestive.

Note—The price of Egg-o-See is 10 cents for a full size package, such as is usually sold for 15 cents. The largest food mill in the world, with the most approved labor saving machinery enables us to make the best flaked wheat food at this lower price.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR THE GREEN PACKAGE.
If your grocer does not keep it, send us his name and 10 cents and we will send you a package, prepaid. Address all communications to Battle Creek Breakfast Food Co., Quincy, Ill.

MAKES WORK EASIER.

Jacksonville People are Pleased to Learn How it is Done.

It's pretty hard to attend to duties with a constantly aching back. With annoying urinary disorders. Doan's Kidney Pills make work easier. They cure backache. They cure every kind of kidney trouble. Wm. T. Gibbons, of 129 East Wolcott street, teamster for E. P. Andrews & Sons, lumber dealers, says: "For a long time, off and on, I had severe pains through the small of the back so that frequently I could hardly get up or down and often in the morning I had to roll over and take hold of the bed to help myself up. I had so severe an attack that for several days I was laid up and unable to work. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills, so I went to the drug store of Dr. H. Lee Hatch and procured a box. They helped me almost at once, strengthening and relieving my back." For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

KODOL GIVES STRENGTH by enabling the digestive organs to digest, assimilate and transform all of the wholesome food that may be eaten into the kind of blood that nourishes the nerves, feeds the tissues, hardens the muscles and recuperates the organs of the entire body. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure cures Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Catarrh of the Stomach and all stomach disorders. Sold by Lee P. Allcott and R. A. Kuechler.

C. & A. EXCURSIONS.

\$6.75 Jacksonville to Indianapolis, Ind., and return via THE ALTON, June 14 and 15. Final limit June 26, account Uniformed Foresters of M. W. A.

\$17.35 Jacksonville to Lakewood, N. Y., and return via THE ALTON, June 16 and 17; good returning June 23.

\$6.75 Jacksonville to Indianapolis, Ind., and return via THE ALTON, June 8, 9 and 10. Final limit June 18, T. P. A. meeting.

Only \$8.95 Jacksonville to St. Louis and return via THE ALTON, June 16 and 17. Final limit June 22, 1903.

\$17.75 Jacksonville to Toronto, Ont., and return via THE ALTON, June 6 and 7. Final limit June 17, 1903.

A SERIOUS MISTAKE.

E. C. DeWitt & Co. is the name of the firm who make the genuine Witch Hazel Salve. DeWitt's is the Witch Hazel Salve that heals without leaving a scar. It is a serious mistake to use any other. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cures blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles, burns, bruises, eczema and all skin diseases. Sold by Lee P. Allcott and R. A. Kuechler.

JACKSONVILLE TIME CARD

Time of departure of trains:
GOING NORTH.
C. & P. & St. L.—
Peoria, daily, 7:50 am
Peoria, ex. Sunday, 1:22 pm
C. & P. & St. L., Sunday only, 6:00 pm
Peoria, accommodation freight, 11:06 am
C. & A.—
Chicago-Peoria, 6:00 am
Chicago, ex. Sunday, 1:22 pm
Chicago-Peoria, 4:30 pm
For Chicago, 2:58 am

SOUTH AND WEST.
J. & St. L.—
For St. Louis, 7:06 am
For St. Louis, 3:30 pm
C. & A.—
For Kansas City, 10:08 am
For Kansas City and St. Louis, 11:37 pm
For Kansas City, 6:43 am
For St. Louis, daily, 7:20 am
For St. Louis, ex. Sunday, 3:15 pm
For Roodhouse, ex. Sunday, 6:36 pm

GOING WEST.
Wabash—
For Hannibal, Quincy and Kansas City, 7:06 am
For Hannibal, Quincy and Kansas City, 6:58 pm
Decatur accommodation, 10:10 am
Kansas City mail, 1:43 pm

GOING EAST.
Wabash—
For Toledo, 8:37 am
For Toledo, 8:54 pm
Decatur accommodation, 1:20 pm
Buffalo mail, 1:20 am

Time of arrival of trains:
FROM NORTH.
C. & P. & St. L., daily, 11:06 am
C. & P. & St. L., ex. Sunday, 7:06 pm
C. & P. & St. L., Sunday only, 9:06 pm
C. & P. & St. L., accommodation, 9:46 am

FROM SOUTH.
J. & St. L., 11:00 am
J. & St. L., 9:00 pm
C. & A., ex. Sunday, 11:40 am
C. & A., ex. Sunday, 6:00 pm
C. & A., Sunday only, 10:15 pm

STREET RAILWAY.
First car leaves barn at 6:15 a. m. and every fifteen minutes afterward until 10:30 p. m.
Last car leaves square (west and south) at 10:15 p. m.
Leave west and south ends at 10:30 p. m.

THE CHICAGO, PEORIA & ST. LOUIS R. CO.

GOING NORTH.
Peoria and Pekin mail, daily, 7:50 am
Peoria and Pekin express, ex. Sun 4:30 pm
Passenger, Sunday only, 5:56 pm
Local freight, ex. Sun, 11:06 am

FROM NORTH.
Peoria and Pekin mail, daily, 11:06 am
Peoria and Pekin express, ex. Sun 3:30 pm
Passenger, Sunday only, 9:06 pm
Local freight, ex. Sun, 6:46 am

The short line to Peoria.
Direct connection at Peoria and Pekin with all diverging lines.
The direct route for Rock Island, Cedar Rapids, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Lincoln, St. Paul, Minneapolis and all points in the northwest.
Tickets sold to all points in the United States, Mexico and Canada, and baggage checked to destination. Steamship tickets to all foreign lands.

J. O. UPP, Agt., Jacksonville, Ill.
E. A. WILLIAMS, G. P. A., St. Louis.

WABASH

WEST BOUND.
Leave.
No. 3, daily, 7:06 a. m.
No. 19, daily (daily except Sun. day to Camp Point), 10:10 a. m.
No. 9, daily, 1:43 p. m.
No. 1, daily (daily except Sunday to Keokuk), 6:50 p. m.
EAST BOUND.
No. 8, daily, 1:20 a. m.
No. 4, daily, 6:37 a. m.
No. 20, daily, arrives 3:10 p. m.
Decatur accommodation, 3:35 p. m.
No. 2, daily, 8:54 p. m.
For further information, call on T. Rice Smith, Agent Wabash road, Jacksonville, Ill., or address C. S. Crane, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agt., Wabash road, St. Louis; H. V. P. Taylor, Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt., Wabash road, St. Louis, Mo.

CHICAGO & ALTON RY. TIME TABLE

Corrected to Sunday, April 19, 1903—Subject to change without notice.

*Daily. *Daily except Sunday.
NORTH BOUND.
*No. 10, Chicago vestibule limited 2:58 am
*No. 12, Atlantic express, 5:06 am
*No. 1, Chicago express, 1:22 pm
*No. 14, Chicago and Peoria ex., 4:38 pm

WEST BOUND.
*No. 11, Kansas City express, 5:43 am
*No. 13, Kansas City day express, 10:06 am
*No. 3, Roodhouse accommodation, 5:35 pm
*No. 7, K. C. Col. & Cal. limited, 11:57 pm
JACKSONVILLE AND PEORIA TRAINS
Leave Jacksonville, 6:00 am 4:38 pm
Arrive Peoria, 10:30 am 6:56 pm
Leave Peoria, 7:35 am 12:00 pm
Arrive Jacksonville, 10:06 am 6:28 pm

JACKSONVILLE-ST. LOUIS TRAINS.
Lv. Jacksonville, 7:20 am 13:15 pm 11:57 pm
Ar. St. Louis, 10:40 am 6:44 pm 7:44 am
Lv. St. Louis, 8:12 am 4:38 pm 10:00 pm
Ar. Jacksonville, 11:40 am 8:00 pm 2:58 pm
Sunday train leaves St. Louis 6:50 p. m.; arrives Jacksonville 10:15 p. m.
Sunday only for Peoria: Leave Jacksonville, 6 a. m.; arrive Peoria, 9:20 a. m. Leave Peoria, 8:40 p. m.; arrive Jacksonville, 11:57 p. m.

OSCAR L. HILL, Agent, Jacksonville, Ill.

JACKSONVILLE & ST. LOUIS RAILWAY.

Pass. Pass. Mixed.
Lv. Jacksonville, No. 2, 7:10 am 5:30 pm
Ar. Franklin, No. 4, 7:32 am 5:40 pm
Waverly, 4:14 pm 7:44 am 6:10 pm
Virden, 4:40 pm 8:09 am 7:10 pm
Girard, 4:49 pm 8:17 am
Barnett, 5:16 pm 8:44 am
Litchfield, 5:27 pm 8:54 am
Sorento, 6:09 pm
Greenville, 6:48 pm
Smithboro, 7:06 pm
Shattuck, 7:54 pm
Centralia, 8:06 pm

Via Wabash Railway:
Lv. Litchfield, 5:34 pm 9:02 am 7:06 pm
Mt. Olive, 5:54 pm 9:15 am 7:18 pm
Stanton, 6:15 pm 9:34 am 7:39 pm
Edwardsville, 6:15 pm 10:06 am 7:58 pm
Granite City, 10:31 am 8:24 pm
E. St. Louis, 10:48 am 9:42 pm
Ar. St. Louis, 7:03 pm 11:08 am 9:00 pm
Trains Nos. 2 and 4 connect with C. & P. & St. L. Ry. at Waverly. Train No. 4 connects with Q. & C. St. L. Ry. at Barnett for points west. Trains Nos. 2 and 4 at Litchfield with all lines diverging. Train No. 2 at Sorento with T. & L. & W. Ry., at Smithboro with T. & L. & W. Ry., at Shattuck with the B. & O. S. W. Ry., and at Centralia with all lines diverging. All trains daily except Sundays.
GEO. W. DYE, G. P. A. Jacksonville, Ill.

Hog Remedies at Special Joe E. Stice, Manufacturer.

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